THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Dickens Fellowship will take place at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, on Wednesday, 18 July next, at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of considering the alterations in the rules and constitution. As some very important proposed alterations will be submitted by the Council, members are earnestly requested to attend.

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Most of the daily and other papers referred to the ninth of June as "Dickens" day. It is certainly noticeable that each year the anniversary of Dickens's death is becoming more and more observed. His grave in Westminster Abbey this year was covered with floral tributes sent by friends and admirers, most of which bore no inscription. Prominent amongst them was a handsome wreath of ivy leaves and scarlet geraniums sent by the Dickens Fellowship, which, however, was identified from the rest in bearing the following message: "In affectionate remembrance, from the 10,000 members of the Dickens Fellowship."

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It is very evident that the discussion over the "Drood" question is not to be allowed to drop at present. In last month's *Pall Mall Magazine* Mrs. Kate Perugini deals with it, and gives as her opinion as one of Dickens's daughters that Edwin Drood met with his death at the hands of Jasper. She also shows how futile it is to attach any real importance to the pictures on the cover, since she assures us that the artist, Charles Alston Collins, who was her first husband, knew nothing concerning the conclusion of the story. Mr. Andrew Lang duly replied to the article in *The Times*, and others have again been drawn into the controversy, which, of course, can never be settled. There is notwithstanding every possibility of a further heated discussion when Mr. Comyns Carr's version of the book appears as a play at Mr. Tree's theatre, for we hear he, too, has some new views to offer.

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As we anticipated, Mr. W. A. Fraser's article in the May number on "George Cruikshank" did not please every reader. But it is nevertheless a fact that Mr. Fraser not only voiced his own opinions, but those of hundreds of others. The same objections may be taken to his article in the present number on "Phiz." Similar views regarding the illustrations were current at the time the books were issued. We were reading recently a contemporary criticism in a prominent weekly

literary journal of *A Tale of Two Cities*, which was deprecatory to a degree. In speaking of the illustrations the critic went on: "It is impossible to imagine faces and figures more utterly unreal or more wretchedly conventional than those by which Mr. Browne represents Mr. Dickens's characters. The handsome faces are caricatures, and the ugly ones are like nothing human."

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We are looking forward to the publication of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's book on Dickens. It is sure to be entertainingly clever. We are glad it is not to be a biography: that is not wanted; but a critical study of Dickens's methods and teaching from an unconventional critic will be appreciated. It has been stated that there is a great deal more about God, Humanity, the French Revolution, the British Empire and the problem of evil in the book than there is about Charles Dickens. It is also stated that on finishing the first draft of the book Mr. Chesterton had to go through it again to add allusions to Charles Dickens in order to justify the title. All this is the sort of thing Mr. Chesterton would say. But we may take it as one of his sallies or not, as we feel inclined. Anyway, we shall look out anxiously for his book.

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There is very little that has not been said before, and said with better grace and with more conviction, in the chapter devoted to Dickens in the volume of critical essays by Walter Frewen Lord, entitled *The Mirror of the Century*, just published by John Lane. Indeed there is little fresh that can be said by way of criticism. Most of us know where Dickens failed, and all where he succeeded. If some of us do not care overmuch about his "Little Nells," his "Joes," his "Paul Dombeys," there are many who do. All admit Dickens's weaknesses. We do not, however, altogether admit that his prose style is as bad as possible; that his sentimental passages are nauseating; that he did not understand women; that his would-be fine writing is absurd, or that his melodrama too often makes us yawn, as Mr. Lord asserts. We prefer to agree with him that "Charles Dickens is greater than most," which is the universal verdict.

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Mr. Lord, in seeking for the reason of Dickens's greatness and his popularity among all classes, finds it in his love of mankind, which invested his creations with a vitality unparalleled in fiction. He admits that Dickens's words are household words, his creations part of the English language and no inconsiderable part of the mental inheritance of the race. Acknowledging all these attributes, why worry about what he was not, or never tried to be? It really seems to us that Mr. Lord would have made a much better "job" of his article if he had been whole-heartedly appreciative, instead of labouring the obvious faults by attempting to say something paradoxically clever. Much of what he says might in general terms be applied equally as well to other leading writers. As a matter of fact we suspect Mr. Lord of being a whole-hearted admirer of Dickens, who is half ashamed to say so. There are many like him. THE EDITOR.

COOKS A LA BOZ

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE
AUTHOR OF "THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP," "THE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN," ETC.

IT may be said with truth that some are born cooks, some achieve pastry, and some have the kneading of dough thrust upon them. There is an art in these things, and the cooks who can toss a pancake deftly and stuff a goose with sage discrimination are worthy of all honour and have deserved well of their fellows. Whether it is the fair, soft whiteness of the flour that worketh magic, or yet the simple innocence of milk puddings, I know not; but truth it is, there are no more pleasant, kindly, neighbourly creatures in this rough old world of ours than these same good dames of the ladle! And oh, sirs, for the cooks of yore! What fine hot, savoury dinners did they serve to our bluff, lusty forefathers, the beef-and-ale men of the far-away thirties—great red-cheeked squires and country gentlemen, sporting parsons and attorneys, who drank rum punch with gusto and pshaw'd your French kickshaws and stuff! Then was it something to be a cook with such valiant trenchermen abroad! "Oh, the good old times, the grand old times, the great old times!" as Alderman Cute's friend hath it. What a roasting and a basting and a frying, and a plucking of fat pullets and plump capons, with fellows bearing huge dishes into low timber-ceiling'd dining-rooms where our old family portraits moved and breathed, curled those now set lips into smiles, and shook with human laughter! Wast not thou too of that company of stout, cheery gentlemen, redoubtable Wilkins, and ever-memorable Micawber? Wast not thou too of that merry, roistering company in a vanished England? Again we see thy rubicund face beaming at us benevolent "through a thin cloud of delicate fumes," as thou compoundest that famous brew of punch in Trot's Adelphi lodging, whose fragrant aroma breatheth to thee once more of happy venture and retrieved fortune, and launches thy devoted spouse upon a wide sea of reminiscence of her days in the bosom of that august family! And yet with that august family the great Wilkins was, alas, how unappreciated! Here, sirs, was a born cook, a Napoleon of the kitchen, an adept at devilled mutton, a very Yorick of the festive board, setting the table in a roar with his

Gee up, Dobbin,
Gee ho, Dobbin,—

and they would appoint him a commission agent forsooth, they would have him vend coals! He who might have filled with distinction the office of Toast-Master-General in perpetuity and had endowed with fresh lustre the ancient and honourable post of Punch-Brewer-Extraordinary to His Britannic Majesty to the edification of all posterity! Alack and alas! The beneficent star of Wilkins now shines resplendent in another hemisphere; the convivial and culinary virtues of a Micawber now fructify beneath Australian skies! We have lost the genial companion of Mr. Copperfield's youth, and with him we have also lost—the art of brewing rum punch!

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Casting in review those Dickensian cooks of ours, what volumes folio could I not indite concerning them! Of Meg and that dish of tripe which the starved little ticket-porter put knife and fork into on the

Alderman's frosty doorstep; of Ruth Pinch, best of sisters to the best of brothers, and the historic pudding she prepared with her own fair hands; of Mrs. Bagnet's shining housewifely virtues, and the lordly banquet of pork and greens whereon she feasted the trooper when he came to seek advice of his former comrade in arms; of Dot Peerybingle and that high feast and festival when May and Edward Plummer were wed—when Dot was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, and her goodman peeled the turnips and broke the plates and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire, and Tilly Slowboy came out in such force and brought the baby's head into contact with everything animal, vegetable, and mineral! Ah, sirs, such cooks, such cooks! How I could draw out the line of them, aye, even methinks until the crack of doom! But—"discipline must be maintained!" How I could tell you else of one from mine own non-Dickensian annals—a cook not in truth un-Boz-like, who stands out clearly in the memory from the misty shadows of the past. Ah, what forays she suffered gladly, what filching of stray currants she turned blind eyes to, what prancings and hoppings of that teasing little company round the plain deal table she endured with such small complaint! Not but that she could clear the board on occasion, for there was yet something of the old Roman strain in her, and the conflict would have needs been Homeric that had reduced her to fainting away beneath the dresser, like Mr. Muzzle's tender dame in the magistrate's kitchen of yore! May her lot have been happy wherever it was afterwards cast! Still can I fondly call her pies to remembrance and dwell in pleasant retrospection on her well-turned veal cutlets. Cutlets! yea, vying in excellence even with thine, thou stern and grim partner of R. Wilfer's joys, yea, even with that one —well browned, Miss Bella!—which gladdened the supper-table in company with a delicately fried rasher (brought in in the coy embraces of a fresh cabbage leaf by the Cherub) on that eventful evening when Mr. Rokesmith became a tenant beneath the Wilfer roof-tree. "It is miserable to be poor and to have suspicious lodgers," thought Bella, pouting a pretty lip, as she retired that night to rest. Mayhap it is, especially for a pretty, dainty, ambitious young lady who has only a few niggard inches of looking-glass to reflect back her generous charms! But poverty that is not genteel is more easily lightened. Thou, Bob Cratchit, wast not miserable, despite thy starved pittance, on that memorable Christmas night; nor thou, worthy Mrs. Cratchit, preparing the Christmas pudding—like a speckled cannon-ball so hard and firm, the topmost glory of the Cratchit feast; nor Master Peter miserable, mashing the potatoes with such incredible vigour; nor Belinda in the dumps, sweetening up the apple sauce—and how else I would have you believe but by simply smiling at it! Ah, such merry, bustling, busy little Boz-like cooks these, all a-bubbling over with mirth and kindliness and jollity and good humour!

But what place is this we now come to as we descend the steep, narrow stairs with Dick Swiveller, the strange brown gauze head-gear of Miss Sally Brass (shade of Mantalini and vanished modes!) bobbing before us? Here are no "bright pot lids, well-scoured saucepans, burnished dish-covers, and gleaming kettles," as in Clemency Newcome's warm, cosy kitchen. A very low, damp, dark, miserable place

is this, a very ogre's kitchen indeed, where "the walls are disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches," and where—see, a cat laps up with the sickly eagerness of starvation the water that trickles on to the floor out of a leaky butt! Everything is locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the bread-safe, all are padlocked. There is nothing even for a beetle to lunch upon! All is locked up! How, then, doth this little household drudge, this slip of a Marchioness, perform her duties? Doth this legal spinster, this "Coke upon Littleton," this "Young Lawyer's Best Companion," who buffets the little servant so unmercifully, doth she then stand by to supervise the making of every omelette and review the frying of each succulent steak? Doth this she-dragon keep constant watch lest the Marchioness should levy a distraint upon the cold beef or subpœna a half-loaf for witness to her appetite? How thrives this little Boz-cook of ours, this pinched, wan child, in so dreary and barren a region? Alas, alas, but there is cruel work, shameful work here, with a child's young days filled with cheerless, grinding drudgery and toil, a child's tender body starved and bruised, a child's blithe spirit beaten down and crushed "ere the sorrow comes with years"! Come away, oh, come away, for the very air is noisome, and on the walls are the dark, ugly stains of hatred and avarice, of cruelty and oppression! Let us fare forth and close up Long Acre against us with loving-kindness, and make Great Queen Street a no-thoroughfare with happy deeds! Ah, little heads, meant for caresses rather than for blows; little heads that should be filled rather with glad and happy fancies than with world-wise cunning and fear; little bodies buffeting against the strong winds of the world; little feet trudging so bravely along life's rough highway! For the smallest kindness of each careless Dick Swiveller among us are they saving up, these little Marchionesses, in eyes less schooled to tears, in lips more quick to mirth, in minds brighter and more alert, and hearts more generous and responsive; aye, sirs, even so, even so, are these little workers and sweethearts—*saving up for us all the time!*

DAVID COPPERFIELD

(CHAPTER THE LAST)

LOOKING backward in the twilight, I can see there as I gaze,
Drifting onward, ever passing, down the vista of my days,
Brooks of Sheffield, old Micawber strike upon my fancy's sight,
Uncle Dick, and with him ever Martyr King and giant Kite.
Now Aunt Betsey, striding stately, snorts, and greets me with a smile—
And my nurse's eyes rekindle their old lustre for a while.
Traddles, too, you dear old fellow, how you really have got on!
What? Still chipping at your desk-lid! Can it be a skeleton!
See, far o'er the rolling waters pure and free she lives again—
Gone her anguish, healed her sorrow, purged her guilt, and cleansed her stain.

. . . . . .

Now another, standing near me, pointing, whispers "She is His."
It is better, oh my Agnes, it is better as it is.

From *Ye Manual*, BIRMINGHAM, 1882.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

By W. A. FRASER

II

HABLÔT K. BROWNE

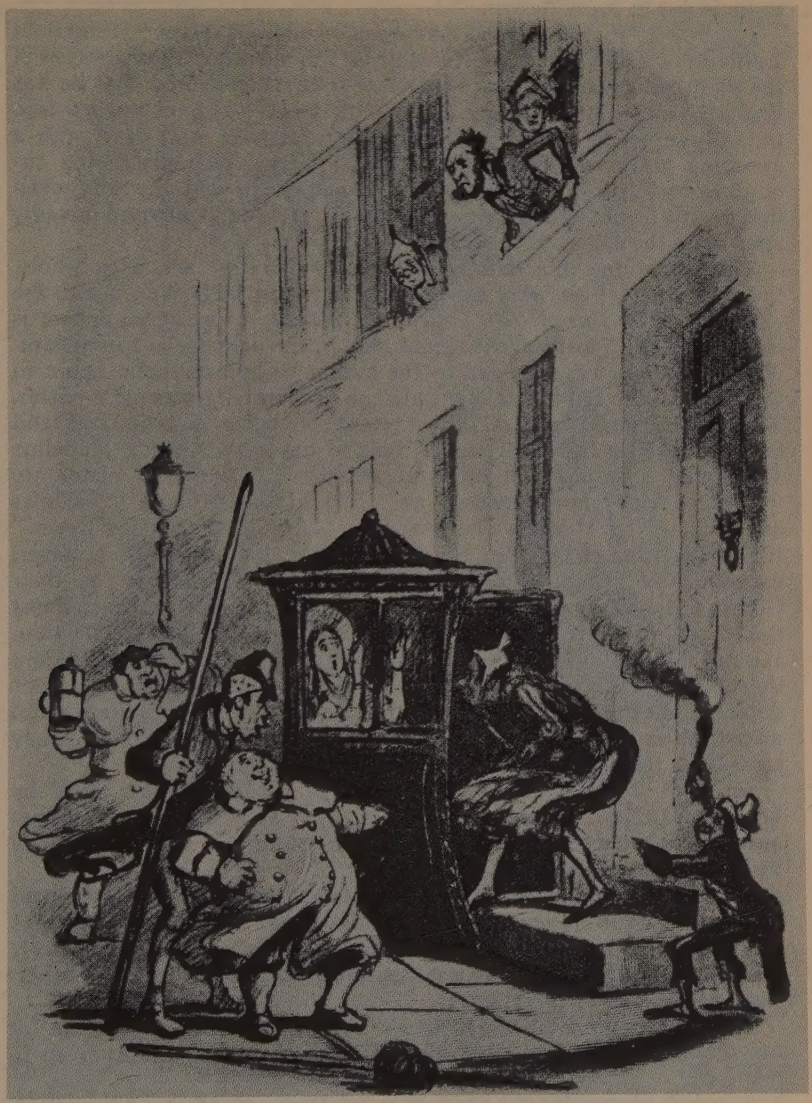
EARLY in the month of April, 1836, the first monthly part of *The Pickwick Papers* was published. It consisted of twenty-six pages of text and four etchings by Robert Seymour, who, before the second number appeared, died by his own hand, leaving three drawings which illustrate the second number.

There was a difficulty in filling Seymour's place, and R. W. Buss was engaged for a single number. But his designs were not deemed satisfactory, and Hablôt K. Browne ("Phiz"), then a young man of twenty-one, began an association with Charles Dickens which lasted for twenty-three years. Prior to the publication of the fourth number of *Pickwick*, "Phiz" contributed three full-page pictures to a pamphlet written by Dickens and entitled *Sunday Under Three Heads*. It is sufficient to say that they are all exceedingly bad.

It cannot surely be seriously asserted that the illustrations to *Pickwick* are in any sense worthy of that masterpiece of humour. The vast majority are simply atrocious caricatures, while others are feeble in execution, timid, lifeless, and immature. It must be remembered, however, that "Phiz" was a very young man, that he had at that time little or no skill in the art of etching, and that he vastly improved in subsequent books upon his early crude designs for the pages of *Pickwick*. The habits, manners, and customs, even the costumes of seventy years ago, were by no means beautiful. William IV was still upon the throne, stage coaches ran upon the turnpike roads, and the wonderful old posting inns were not as yet empty and desolate. The time was rough, coarse, and ugly in many ways, but it was also vigorous, and an ideal period for the display of the boundless energies and the supreme genius of Charles Dickens. Could he have achieved as much in this age of motor-cars and bicycles? It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. With what inimitable gusto and success did the master describe a posting or stage-coaching ride in England seventy years ago! Can we ever forget Mr. Pickwick and old Wardles' chase of the spinster aunt and the shameless Jingle, and the brilliant account of their breakdown?

The most satisfactory drawings in the book are the frontispiece, an excellent design by Seymour, most carefully drawn and etched, and subsequently re-etched by "Phiz"; "The Breakdown," a capital picture; "Mrs. Bardell faints in Mr. Pickwick's Arms"; and "Job Trotter encounters Sam in Mr. Muzzles' Kitchen." The other plates are very disappointing, and show little skill in draughtsmanship. "Mr. Pickwick Slides" is such a charming little sketch that we are not disposed to quarrel with the artist over trifles, otherwise the fact that none of the party assembled appear to possess a pair of skates might be severely commented upon. This plate would be delightful if coloured in the fashion of John Leech's frontispiece to *A Christmas*

Winkle should be holding the extinct candlestick above his head I think. It looks more comical, the light having gone out.



a fat chairman so that as our friend lives, every draw breath in Watt I would leave him where he is decidedly. Is the lady full dressed? She ought to be. CD.

MR. WINKLE'S SITUATION WHEN THE DOOR BLEW TO

Reproduction of original drawing by "Phiz," with remarks thereon by Dickens, which were afterwards carried out by artist

Carol. Unfortunately, however, with the exception of "Conviviality at Mr. Bob Sawyer's" and "Mr. Pickwick sits for his Portrait," the other illustrations are exceedingly bad. Caricature is simply rampant, and bad drawing, bad perspective, and glaring faults of composition are to be found in every design.

In 1873–4 "Phiz" executed a commission to illustrate the "Household Edition" of *Pickwick*. Unfortunately he was suffering from paralysis of the right hand, the power of which was so much impaired that he was unable to make the forefinger and thumb meet. This compelled him to hold the pencil or brush in an awkward fashion, and draw with a sweeping movement of the whole arm. Under such distressing circumstances great things could not be expected, and the fifty-seven designs are feeble and halting, although some of the blame undoubtedly rests upon the engraver.

The thirty-nine illustrations to *Nicholas Nickleby* are, as a whole, the very worst "Phiz" ever executed for any story of Dickens's with the exception of *A Tale of Two Cities*. In *Nickleby* every figure almost is caricatured to an extravagant extent, and sheer ugliness is triumphant. Newman Noggs was intended by the author to be a pathetic figure in the story, but in the hands of "Phiz" he becomes a grotesque monster. The other characters fare little better. Nicholas is both stiff and feeble, and Kate has small justice done to her charms, while Madeline Bray is, if possible, still more unsatisfactory. The best plates are "Miss Nickleby introduced to her Uncle's Friends" and "Nicholas attracted by the Mention of his Sister's Name in the Coffee Room." "The Last Brawl between Sir Mulbery and his Pupil" is, however, exceptionally vigorous in treatment, and "The Children at their Cousin's Grave" is a charming and touching little picture, and almost the only illustration in the book which gives us unmixed satisfaction. We linger over it lovingly while we turn in weariness and contempt from the others. Of the other plates the less said the better. The figures depicted are a weak, vulgar, and depressing collection of freaks and monstrosities, which are without even the merit of being funny. They are merely repulsive.

In 1840 "Phiz" contributed six etchings to a small book by Dickens entitled *Sketches of Young Couples*. These designs are by no means to our taste. They are without exception not only exceedingly badly drawn, but common and vulgar.

Sketches of Young Gentlemen was written in 1838. Dickens was paid a hundred and twenty-five pounds for the book, "without his name to it," and "Phiz" designed six etched illustrations. They are utterly third-rate drawings, and it is not our intention to refer to them otherwise than in these general terms.

To the Library Edition (1858–9) "Phiz" contributed a vignette for the title-page of each of the volumes published of that edition up to that date.

A novel feature in the next work of Dickens, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, was that the illustrations were not etched as hitherto, but engraved on wood and inserted in the text. George Cattermole was associated with "Phiz" in the task of illustrating *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The figure-pieces were as a rule drawn by "Phiz," while

the architectural subjects were entrusted to Cattermole, who was incomparably the greater artist of the two.

The series of drawings in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, signed "H.K.B.," are astonishingly crude and weak. The caricature is as great as in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and the drawing is rougher and more careless; the composition also is very poor. The only really powerful drawing is

Mr. Carker in his hour of triumph

Reproduced from the etching by "Phiz"

that depicting the dead body of Quilp lying drowned on the lonely and desolate swamp. This is a fine piece of work, grim and terrible enough almost for the pencil of Doré himself.

The woodcuts drawn by Hablôt K. Browne to illustrate *Barnaby Rudge* are again trivial and third-rate performances. The rough, coarse, common creatures sketched are not the children of Dickens's fancy, nor do they bear any resemblance to them. The story is, perhaps, the one

above all others that Hugh Thomson or Gordon Browne could illustrate to admiration, and it is sad to see such opportunities for charming and graceful designs wasted and brought to naught.

Martin Chuzzlewit was commenced by Dickens soon after his return from America in 1842, and to this story "Phiz" contributed no less than forty etchings. The frontispiece is a most elaborate design, and represents the principal characters and incidents in the story. It is exceedingly well drawn, and is by far the best frontispiece "Phiz" ever executed for any novel by Dickens. The vignette is absolutely charming. A perfect little picture. R. C. Caldecott or Hugh Thomson at their best could not surpass this brilliant design, in which every detail is so exquisitely and carefully worked out. There is not a trace of coarseness, carelessness, roughness, or caricature in this beautiful drawing. It is, indeed, high art, and as we turn over the pages of the novel we regret that "Phiz" did not restrict his energies to these two illustrations only, since those that follow are for the most part feeble in drawing and full of exaggeration. The most satisfactory are, first, the picture representing Mark Tapley saying farewell to his native village—a most picturesque design; second, the drawing entitled "Mr. Jonas entertains his Cousins"; and third and last, from an artist's point of view, "Mr. Jefferson Brick proposes an Appropriate Sentiment." In this illustration, whether by accident or by design, the face and figure of Martin Chuzzlewit bear a striking resemblance to Charles Dickens as he must have appeared at that time. "Mrs. Gamp proposes a Toast" may certainly be described as a singularly happy effort on the part of the artist. It is rich in humour, and most carefully drawn. In its way it is quite as successful as Cruikshank's capital illustration to *Oliver Twist* depicting Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney at the tea-table. The designs deserving special examination are "Mr. Pinch departs to seek his Fortune," "Mr. Pecksniff announces himself as the Shield of Virtue," "Mr. Pinch is amazed by an Unexpected Apparition." In this drawing both figures, but especially that of old Martin Chuzzlewit, are wholly admirable. It is difficult to think of any artist, however distinguished, who could have improved upon this design. Old Martin is venerable and impressive in face, figure, and bearing, while Tom Pinch has never been better drawn by "Phiz" than in this illustration. The remaining plates, two in number, are not equal in merit to this, but are far better as regards both drawing and composition than many of their predecessors.

Dombey and Son contains some of the very best work that "Phiz" did for Dickens during their long association together. He was almost, if not quite, at his best, although, of course, the old propensity to caricature asserts itself at times, and especially in the illustrations in which Captain Cuttle appears. Mr. Dombey is often too stiff and "poker-like" to be quite human. On the other hand, Edith is superbly handsome in almost every design in which "Phiz" represents her, and in the drawing entitled "Mr. Carker in his Hour of Triumph" she is magnificent, towering in her indignation over the wretched, cowering figure of her would-be seducer. In the whole of his artistic career "Phiz" never surpassed this design in vigour and beauty. Over us it has always exercised a species of fascination, and we never open

Dombey and Son without turning the pages to gaze upon this plate with an admiration and delight which has never failed us in nearly forty years, and which indeed grows stronger as the years roll by. Another plate—"Edith and Florence on the Staircase"—is beautifully drawn, beautifully composed, and beautifully executed.

The illustrations to the early part of *David Copperfield* are superior to those in the later. They are not only better drawings, but more interesting than their successors. The vignette is most beautiful, as fine in its way as the similar drawing for *Martin Chuzzlewit.* "Phiz" excelled in his vignettes, and bestowed on them a care and a skill which are conspicuously wanting in many of his other plates. "Our Pew at Church" is a clever drawing with a large number of figures and con-

END OF MR. WINKLE'S SKATING

From an original drawing designed by "Phiz" for the "Household Edition," but not used

siderable detail, while the next illustration, "I am hospitably received by Mr. Peggotty," is exactly what it should be—a charming, humorous design. "The Friendly Waiter and I" is delightful, and worthy of the story. "Changes at Home" is a beautiful and touching domestic scene, while the drawing entitled "Mrs. Gummidge casts a damp on Our Departure" would be perfect but for the figure of Mrs. Gummidge herself, which is weak and out of drawing. "My Magnificent Order at the Public-house" is another admirable illustration, and in this instance there is no flaw. The next plate in order, "I make myself known to my Aunt," is one of the finest "Phiz" ever designed. "The Momentous Interview" is capital, but it must be admitted that the plates which follow this one show a falling off. "I make the Acquaintance of Miss Mowcher" is clever and amusing, and in this drawing Steerforth is eminently handsome, but of the next four the most meritorious is "Uriah persists in hovering near us at the Dinner Party."

Of the others, the best designs are those entitled "I am Married," "Our Housekeeping," "The River" (lurid and impressive), "I am the Bearer of Evil Tidings," and "The Emigrants." In this plate, however, the artist has clearly forgotten the appearance of Mr. Peggotty in his previous designs, for he is a wholly different man, and by no means what he ought to be. "Phiz" was unfortunately subject to these lapses of memory, and a number of instances of this forgetfulness must be present to the mind of the earnest student of Dickens. Strangely enough, "Phiz" did not possess a set of the novels, which doubtless accounts for his inability to remember the form and features of the various characters in the stories illustrated by him.

In the designing of the plates to *Bleak House* it cannot be said that H. K. Browne rose to the occasion. With the exception of the scenes entitled "The Little Church in the Park," "A Model of Parental Deportment," and "Mr. Chadband improving a Tough Subject," there is little that an artist would care to dwell upon, although the following are worthy of special examination: "Sunset in the Long Drawing-room at Chesney Wold," charmingly conceived and admirably executed, and in every sense worthy of the text, "Tom All-Alones," "A New Meaning in the Roman," "Light," "Shadow," "The Lonely Figure," "The Night," and "The Morning." This last illustration, however, is beyond all praise. A more touching and impressive drawing was never made to illustrate any novel written by Charles Dickens. The great Doré himself could have done no better than "Phiz" in this design, and it is one that would have strongly appealed to him.

Dickens excelled himself in the pages of *Little Dorrit*. In the whole range of his stories there is no character so finely drawn as the Father of the Marshalsea, and Tip, Fanny, and Frederick Dorrit are triumphs in their way. His efforts were by no means seconded by the artist. In the illustrations to *Little Dorrit* "Phiz" sank to a very low level, and the book possesses only one picture worthy of the name, "The Ferry," a most exquisite landscape, quite out of Hablôt Browne's usual way, but nevertheless wholly and entirely successful. The book would gain in artistic value by the exclusion of all the plates in the early part with this exception.

The illustration, "The Family Dignity Affronted," reveals a curious mistake on the part of the artist. He has drawn Mrs. General twice on the same plate, and she is represented not only standing beside Mr. Dorrit, but also behind him, looking over his shoulder! "The Rigour of Mr. F.'s Aunt" is an amusing sketch, and "The Patriotic Conference" a carefully finished one, while "An Unexpected After-Dinner Speech" shows skill on the part of "Phiz" in depicting a society function. At the request of Dickens the artist redesigned the figure of Mr. Dorrit, doubtless greatly to the improvement of the picture. "The Night" is a finely executed illustration, and "Mr. Merdle, a Borrower," is also deserving of praise, while "Damocles" is singularly impressive and well worthy of study. "The Third Volume of the Registers," the closing illustration, is one of the most satisfactory. All the figures are beautifully drawn, without exaggeration, and the composition is exceedingly good.

A Tale of Two Cities cannot be considered as a successful effort of

genius on the part of Charles Dickens, nor can even the splendid character of Sydney Carton redeem the novel from the charge of dullness. We are conscious throughout the whole story of something lacking. Dickens is not at his best, and the reader feels uneasy and disappointed. We are constantly expecting something which never comes. The illustrations do nothing to cheer our depression. The eye and the spirit are alike wearied and distressed by this exhibition of uninspiring mediocrity on the part of "Phiz." A dreary and dismal failure.

There are sixteen etchings in the novel, and the whole sixteen are so astonishingly crude, weak, wooden, faulty, and uninteresting that we feel not the least surprise that this novel was the last work of Dickens to which "Phiz" contributed designs. These illustrations are flagrant examples of inefficiency, feeble in execution, timid, lifeless, and badly drawn, and there is also absolutely no attempt at accuracy in the costumes, which are not that of the period (or any other) in which the story is laid. It is a most amazing artistic collapse on the part of "Phiz," and it has never been, so far as we are aware, accounted for.

In spite of some glaring artistic shortcomings and limitations, the name of Hablôt K. Browne will always be associated with the name and fame of Charles Dickens. Caricature had a fatal fascination for "Phiz," and this unfortunate failing on his part is certainly responsible to some extent for the charge of exaggeration so often brought against Dickens. Apart from this, the long companionship between the great author and the artist was honourable and advantageous to both. Hablôt K. Browne lived for twelve years after the death of the great genius for whom he worked so long, and died at Hove on the eighth of July, 1882.

In justice to "Phiz," it must be remembered that many of the characters invented and described by Dickens could scarcely have been sketched by any artist without drawing down upon him the charge of exaggeration, at least, if not of caricature. Quilp, Sampson Brass, his sister Sally, Miss Miggs, Tom Pinch, Kit Nubbles, Hugh of the Maypole, Major Bagstock, Captain Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, Job Trotter, and Miss Pross, all these people and others that might be named *invite* caricature, and, indeed, it is difficult to see how they could have been depicted without it. Our complaint against Hablôt Browne is that he made absurd or grotesque figures of characters obviously intended by Dickens to be of serious interest in the story, and for whom laughter was not the emotion desired by the author, and yet, assuredly, Newman Noggs as he is pictured for us by "Phiz" awakens mirth rather than sadness. Other instances there are of grave errors on the part of the artist, but this is the most unfortunate mistake made by "Phiz" in the commencement of his long association with Dickens, and we are surprised that the great author does not appear to have protested against this outrage. We would ask any student of the master's works who may be inclined to cavil at our criticism to consider for a moment what Mr. Sapsea would have been in the hands of "Phiz"! As depicted by Luke Fildes he is simply perfect—the pompous old Tory jackass to the very life—and yet he is not a grotesque caricature, but a living being, an entirely acceptable and reasonable figure.

CRESCENT OR CIRCUS?

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

THIS mighty question was warmly debated in the good city of Bath during the late visit of the Fellowship party. Johnson once said, "I hate a man who is enthusiastic about nothing," but we love the man who is ready to debate to the death any question, however trivial, which is connected with our much-loved Boz. The point may be a trivial one, but it always seems to me that this, with other trippings, have a flavour and quaint significance which lifts them into importance.

Boz, it seems, uses these phrases: "tore *round* the Crescent" and "as he came *round* the second time." It is urged (1) that no one can run round a crescent, (2) but that you can round a circus. Now "running round" is a personal thing, and does not concern the shape of a place; you can run round a square, a triangle, or an oblong, as though you were in a circle or oval. This is evidently Boz's idea, who meant that his hero, when running for his life, after he got to the end of the Crescent, turned round and ran back—"doubled," in fact. Oh, but, says Charles Dickens the younger and other objectors, here Boz was "nodding," he was *thinking* of the Circus, although he spoke of the Crescent. But no—the Crescent was present all through. "Phiz's" picture of the scene* passed through Boz's hands, and he made alterations on the proof—wrote criticisms; nay, he saw with his own eyes that the row of houses belonged to the Crescent; for "Phiz" has drawn the engaged columns of the Crescent, and which are not found in the façade of the Circus. Further, we know not how the ground in front of the Crescent was laid out at the time. There might have been a straight walk to form the string of the bow. But the poor hunted Winkle, when he got to the end, instead of pursuing his flight down the hill towards Gay Street, suddenly turned, and, dodging his pursuers, burst through them, thus taking them by surprise, and so got home to his lair. This truly farcical scene makes us forget to ask why the poor fellow was pursued at all by the chairmen, link boys, etc.? Dowler, of course, we understand. I suppose their sporting instincts were aroused.

It may have been, however, that Boz had forgotten that the Crescent was only half a circle, and fancied that there was another crescent facing it. But any one that looks at the Circus to-day will see that it is not exactly an arena for a racing match, that the chase would be lost sight of at once, and could escape at any moment by the side street. On the other hand, Boz's description of the scene entirely suggests an open crescent, and that the course was of good length and open to view all along. He also describes it as an exposed unsheltered place—the winds blowing upon it. Now this could not be said of the Circus, which is down in a bowl and well sheltered.

* The illustration to Mr. Fraser's article on "Phiz," on page 177 of this issue, is a reproduction of "Phiz's" original drawing of this scene, with the remarks and criticisms made by Dickens in the margin. The suggested alterations were subsequently made. Readers will, however, find more detail, in regard to Mr. Fitzgerald's point, in the finished etching in book.—ED.

DICKENS AND HIS COMPARISONS

By J. A. LOVAT FRASER

AUTHOR OF "GASHFORD AND HIS PROTOTYPE"

ONE of the minor characteristics of the earlier work of Dickens is his use of similes and metaphors taken from the most ordinary events and circumstances of everyday life. When another novelist would have adopted a romantic figure of speech, Dickens uses one of the most homely description. No theme has given rise to more poetic utterance than the rise of the sun. One thinks at once of Jeremy Taylor's magnificent passage in *Holy Dying*. But Dickens describes it in the most domestic fashion. "That punctual servant of all work, the sun," he says in *Pickwick*, "had just risen, and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May." To match this homely comparison one has to go to *Hudibras*:—

> The sun had long since, in the lap
> Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
> And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
> From black to red began to turn.

When Tracy Tupman is pictured as sitting in lover-like converse with the elderly spinster, the reader expects a conventionally sentimental image. But how are they described? "There sat the interesting pair, uncared for by all, caring for none, and dreaming only of themselves; there they sat, in short, *like a pair* of carefully folded kid gloves—bound up in *each other*." The point of the passage lies in the fact that the romantic situation makes us look for a romantic comparison, and we get one that is eminently homely.

Many interesting specimens of the sort of metaphors that have just been quoted are to be found in the novelist's early works. There are several in *Sketches by Boz*. When the elegant young lady from the oyster shop comes down the street with Mr. Dounce's brandy and water, she is very unromantically described as "tripping over the coal-cellar lids *like a whipping top*." We are told of Mr. Simpson, one of the denizens of Mrs. Tibbs's boarding-house in Great Coram Street, that "he was as empty-headed as the great bell of St. Paul's." The elderly Miss Crumptons of Hammersmith are described in equally unflattering terms: "They looked," we are told, "about as happy and uncomfortable as a couple of marigolds run to seed." Mr. Tibbs is described as bowing "like a figure in a Dutch clock with a powerful spring in the middle of his body," and O'Bleary and Tompkins and Wisbottle, "like the mandarins in a grocer's shop." The novelist, writing of hackney coaches, which had become antiquated when *Sketches by Boz* were written, says: "A hackney coach is a remnant of past gentility, a victim of fashion, a hanger-on of an old English family, wearing their arms, and, in days of yore, escorted by men wearing their livery, stripped of his finery, and thrown upon the world, like a once-smart footman when he is no longer sufficiently juvenile for his office."

Several quaint and original metaphors are to be found in other works of Dickens. Writing of the papers of the immortal club, the novelist informs his readers: "The Pickwick Papers are our New River Head, and we may be compared to the New River Company. The

labours of others have raised for us an immense reservoir of important facts. We merely lay them on, and communicate them, in a clear and gentle stream, through the medium of these numbers, to a world thirsting for Pickwickian knowledge." When Mr. Tracy Tupman moralizes on life, after his unfortunate love affair with Miss Wardle, he tells Pickwick, "the spirit which burns within us is a *porter's knot* on which to rest the heavy load of worldly cares and troubles; and when that spirit fails us, the burden is too heavy to be borne." When Pickwick's anger was soothed, after his quarrel with Tupman about the costumes to be worn at Mrs. Leo Hunter's literary breakfast, it is recorded that the lines which passion had ruled in Pickwick's brow gradually melted away, "like the marks of a blacklead pencil beneath the softening influence of india-rubber."

Mr. Pecksniff, in one of his moralizing fits, exclaims: "What are we but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses, and rampant animals too! And virtue is the drag. We start from the Mother's Arms and we run to the Dust Shovel." Who but Dickens could have invented such unexpected comparisons?

The habit of using extravagant figures of speech, of the kind described, was a youthful characteristic which soon disappeared. They are rarely to be found in the later novels; but they help to emphasize what was a notable feature of the work of Dickens—its freedom from outside literary influence. The novelist was not a reading man, and he got his inspiration, not from books, but from the common things that came daily before his eyes. He was not given, like Sir Philip Sidney, to

> Oft turning others' leaves to see if thence would glow
> Some fresh and fruitful shower upon my sunburnt brain.

His literary allusions are few and far between. It was from the life of London that Dickens drew his material, from the shops and the taverns, the markets and the law courts, Seven Dials, and Cheapside. "What inexhaustible food for speculation do the streets of London afford," he says at the beginning of the *Sketches by Boz*. It was amidst the

> Opes fumumque strepitumque Romæ

that Dickens was most at home, and like Teniers and the Dutch painters, who threw a halo over the vulgar life of Holland, he has glorified the dingy streets and squares of the capital with his rich imagination.

A DESCENDANT OF RIGAUD

RECENTLY there died at Sydney, Australia, Mr. J. R. Rigaud, formerly for many years connected with the commercial department of *The Register*, at Adelaide, South Australia. He was a nephew of General Rigaud, at one time a well-known officer in England, and used to relate how an estrangement between his uncle and Charles Dickens was caused by the introduction of Rigaud's name in *Little Dorrit*. It was subsequently admitted that Dickens, in naming one of his villains after the irate general, had not the slightest intention of giving offence.

SYDNEY. JOHN PLUMMER.

DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS

WE have received from Mr. R. Haddock, of Brixton, a copy of his reproduction of the engraving of Dickens reading to his daughters. It is excellently done, and will make a charming addition to the long series of portraits of the novelist. The picture measures about nine inches by seven, and is mounted ready for framing. We are able to give a reproduction of it, reduced in size, by permission of the publisher. The price of the picture is 2s. 6d., post-free.

CHARLES DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS

MR. BUMBLE AND THE LAW

A SHORT time ago the following headlines appeared in the papers:—

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE,
CASE BEFORE MR. JUSTICE BRAY.

Though Mr. Bumble did not hold in awe
The sacred majesty of England's law,
He'd hardly venture now in Court to say
"The law's a *ass*" to Mr. Justice *Bray*.

A. B. BERRY.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XIX

IN MEMORIAM—JUNE 9th, 1870

"For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind."—TENNYSON.

AH! sad for England that she mourns to-day
The genial, tender heart, the master mind
That spent themselves for her! Where shall we find
One left like him whom God has called away?

Who now shall wake our laughter and our tears,
And teach us honour for the good and great,
Shall bid us feel for wrong a noble hate,
Like him whose books have been our friends for years?

Who now remains Satire's keen sword to raise
With strength like his, a righteous war to rage
Against the sins and follies of our age?
As the knights-errant of chivalrous days—

Whose swords to succour the oppress,
But smote with fiercest anger wicked men,
So he, our great knight-errant of the pen,
Wielded his weapon till God gave him rest.

Farewell, our teacher, playfellow, and friend!
Little it matters where thy grave is made,
Whether where England's mightiest dead are laid,
Or where the vaulted heavens above thee bend;—

Thy resting-place is in the people's heart,
Which throbbed with sorrow when the tidings came
That all now left to England is the name
Of him who nobly used a noble art.

From *The Graphic*, 18 June, 1870.

TO MAKE MOONBEAMS

FOR SUMMER DRINKING

The following recipe for a summer drink was sent to the Hon. Mrs. Watson by Dickens in 1846:—

Pour into a jug in this proportion:—
Ten wine-glasses of Madeira,
Two-thirds of a wine-glass of brandy,
Four wine-glasses of water.
Add the peel of a small lemon, cut very thin.
Sweeten to taste. Plunge into the whole a brown toast.
Grate a little nutmeg over the surface.
Tie a cloth over the jug, and stand it in a cool place, or
In cold water until you are ready to drink the contents.

C. D.

AN EXAMINATION IN DICKENS'S WORKS

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—In order that the series of examination papers may be concluded with the December issue, it is decided there shall only be eleven papers, instead of twelve, as originally announced. The last one will therefore appear in the November issue, and the answers and the result of the competition in the December issue.

FULL instructions for competitors will be found in previous issues of *The Dickensian*. The latest date for receiving papers for this month's set of questions is 18 July.

VII—DOMBEY AND SON

1. Quote reference to an incident in Old and New Testament history respectively; also to the Bible and ministry of Christ.
2. What party did a guest attend, one of whose garments was apparently manufactured of wooden material?
3. Give allusions to Asmodeus, Siege of Syracuse, Town of Jericho, Tribes of Judah, and a mountain range in Switzerland.
4. From what author did Captain Cuttle quote in reference to the allurements of the fairer sex?
5. What was the official position of the father of Miss Tox?
6. Why was Mr. John Adams familiarly referred to as W. P. Adams, and what was the particularity of his attire?
7. An ominous significance was suggested by a subordinate as to the rhyme of two trisyllables. State particulars.
8. The philosophic friend of Mr. Toots could "be heard of" at two public establishments. Give names of both.
9. A redundancy of several negatives occurs in the closing words of a convivial speech. Quote same, and name of orator.
10. Furnish illustration from an Oriental narrative anent the mental capacity of a Blimberian student.
11. Refer to a predecessor to Mrs. Richards, as nurse in the Dombey family, and state reason of her dismissal.
12. What did "the sea say" for the most part, in the hearing of Doctor Blimber, and how were the waves informative as to the future prospects of his assistant?
13. When and by whom was a speech delivered containing twenty-two classical quotations?
14. On what occasion and by whom was a quotation from the Koran ineffectually attempted?
15. At what friendly supper-table did an unwelcome supposition meet with general reprobation? Name the offender.
16. Furnish *inferential* allusion to Diogenes—the philosopher, not the dog—other than reference in Chap. 18.
17. When and how was a Brighton visitor reminded of temporary relief from an irksome responsibility?
18. What lesson is to be learned from the book? Outline the moral theme in not more than 100 words.
19. Refer to mention of Mr. Ketch, Conversation Brown, Long Saxby, Jackson, and the Smalder girls.
20. How, in relation to Florence, did Captain Cuttle occasionally evince some acquaintance with Eastern literature?

RESULT OF COMPETITION VI

VI—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT—ANSWERS

1. On *Wednesday*, counting backward from *Sunday*, at Todgers's (Chaps. 5-9).
2. "Like a dying duck in a thunder-storm" (Chap. 10). At interview with the elder Martin.
3. In conversation with Jonas, *Brass for Gold* (Chap. 27).
4. Mrs. Gamp *log.*, "Rich folks may ride on camels, but it an't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye" (Chap. 25). (*See Matthew, ch.* 19, *v.* 24).
5. When welcoming Mr. Chuzzlewit, Pecksniff remarked, "*Adam* was the first of our calling. My *Eve* is . . . no more" (Chap. 24).

6. It was, before Christmas, "*reared clean out of its crazy frame*" (Chap. 2).
7. "*Tamaroo*" (Chap. 32). Jocularly appropriated from an English ballad.
8. Pecksniff *log.*, "*When regaling on my humble fare*" (Chap. 8). Also, after the Sunday's dinner at Todgers's: "'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain, you have woke me too soon, I must slumber again," *Doctor Watts* (Chap. 9).
9. In reference to *Mrs. Harris*—a "phantom of Mrs. Gamp's brain" (Chap. 25).
10. Ruth made her paste *with eggs*, a proceeding not usual in culinary art (Chap. 39).
11. In reference by John Westlock—"that cookery-book *advises suet*; ours was made with *flour and eggs!*" (Chap. 45).
12. "Never seen the righteous forsaken," etc. *Psalm* 37, *v.* 25. (Chap. 13.)
13. When visiting the "*Blue Dragon*," on his return from America (Chap. 43).
14. In regard to *Mrs. Jefferson Brick*. He thought her to be a "*little girl*," who should be in charge of her mother, or some responsible person (Chap. 16).
15. The Talmud (Chap. 54); Upas tree of Java (Chap. 32); Car of Juggernaut (Chap. 32); The Pyramids (Chap. 27); The Nile (Chap. 40); Mosque of Sophia (Chap. 6); Star Chamber (Chap. 7); The Seven Wonders of the World (Chap. 30).
16. For "nineteen hundredth year," read *nineteenth century* (Chap. 13).
18. An imperfect reference to a line from "Hamlet," by Montague Tigg, "To that *what's his name* from which no *thingumbob* comes back" (Chap. 4).
19. Messrs. Chobbs and Bolberry (Chap. 54).
20. "I'm a *Kentish* man by birth" (Chap. 5).

THE SIX LEADING COMPETITORS

Miss W. M. Nash . . .	1376	Miss F. Innocent . . .	1285
Miss M. M. Fowler . . .	1344	Miss Maria Niedermann . .	1245
Mrs. E. M. Hill . . .	1343	Mr. W. J. Eady . . .	1243

The two next in order have 1216 and 1172 marks respectively.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

VISIT TO BATH

A VERY representative company of members of the Fellowship met at Bath on 9 June, and visited the many places of interest connected with Dickens and *Pickwick* detailed in Mr. Ley's article which appeared in our last issue. It is not necessary to traverse the ground again here. Suffice to say that the weather being gloriously fine, the pilgrimage was a great success, indeed one of the most successful trips the Fellowship has so far had.

At the station Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell met the party and conducted it round. Mr. Cotterell is one of the best authorities on all things connected with the city, and the success of the trip was greatly due to his energies and good fellowship. He was assisted by the Rev. C. W. Shickle, to whom also the thanks of the members are due.

Lunch was taken at Fortt's Restaurant, and, it being the thirty-sixth anniversary of the death of Dickens, the toast of the immortal memory of the novelist was drunk. Tea was also taken at the same place, when a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Cotterell and the Rev. C. W. Shickle, to which both gentlemen responded.

The company numbered fifty-one, amongst whom were Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Mr. Holden, and Mr. W. H. Vaughan of Manchester, Mr. Hatfield of Stockport, Mrs. and Miss Bell of Liverpool, Mr. Davey of Brighton, Mr. Andrews of Bristol, Mr. Webb of Forest Gate, as well as several officers from headquarters. After tea Professor Baynham of Bristol gave a realistic recital of "Bob Sawyer's Party."

During the day Mr. Walter Dexter took the following photographs, copies of which he is willing to supply at one shilling each, the whole of the proceeds from which he will contribute to the National Dickens Library Fund: the statue of Dickens, by Percy Fitzgerald, in the Pump Room; the party outside "Saracen's Head"; the Marlborough Tavern; and "35 St. James's Square."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC CLUB

THE Annual General Meeting was held at the Amateur Players' Association, Victoria Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, 30 May. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore presided.

The balance sheet was received and adopted, and the President and Vice-Presidents unanimously re-elected. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore was again elected Hon. Stage Manager, and Mr. A. E. B. Cross, Assistant Hon. Stage Manager, and Mr. Walter Dexter, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

The existing Committee were also re-elected, and Mr. Frank Staff was chosen to fill the vacancy on the Committee.

The productions for next season, commencing in November, will, in all probability, be new dramatic versions of *Dombey and Son* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but to do full justice to these plays further support must be at once forthcoming. Subscriptions of five shillings and upwards constitute membership, and all such subscriptions are returned in tickets for the performances. Will intending members kindly send in their names to the Hon. Secretary at 40 Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E.?

BRIGHTON BRANCH

THERE was a crowded attendance at the last meeting of the Brighton Branch, which took place on 26 May. The Misses Halsey and other ladies had arranged the programme, and carried it out unaided. The items, which were partly musical, included costume recitals of scenes from Dickens's novels. To the musical portion the Misses Florence Donovan, Ethel Harman, and Munro Ritchie contributed; and the efforts of these favourite vocalists were all thoroughly successful; and the brilliant piano solos of Miss Adelaide Thomas, who also acted as accompanist, must not be forgotten. The dramatic scenes selected were the dialogue between Bella Wifer (Miss Ada Goring) and Lizzie Hexam (Miss Alice Halsey) from *Our Mutual Friend;* the scene between Kate Nickleby and her uncle, recited by Miss M. Russell-Davies; the reproachful dialogue between Mrs. Skewton (Miss Russell-Davies) and her daughter Edith, on the night before the latter's marriage to Mr. Dombey; and the inimitable quarrel between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, most amusingly rendered by the Misses Halsey. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was accorded the performers. During an interval, Miss Halsey pleaded the cause of the Dickens Convalescent Home, which resulted in the sum of five guineas being collected.

CHESTER (U.S.A.) BRANCH

THE branch gave a delightful entertainment on 2 May, in Library Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The trial scene from the *Pickwick Papers*, "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," was presented, the various characters appearing in costume, and the affair was one of the most delightful of its class ever given in the Hall. Miss Wilmot McDowell and Miss Alice Schofield were in charge of the music, and deserve credit for the excellent manner in which it was presented. Those who took part in the cast included: Miss Eva Clayton, Rev. William H. Towle, Miss Helen MacFayden, Dr. Aleas Kassab, James MacMoran, Edward Nothnagle, John Ward, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Miss Mary C. O'Neill, Dr. Wadea Kassab, E. Joseph Hynes, E. C. M. Watts, and John E. McDonough. During the evening, music was furnished by an orchestra, and those who took part in this section of the programme were: Miss Alice Schofield, Edward Hoover, Miss Clara Fleming, William Clark, Mrs. Eugene Heyser, and William Dickson.

FOREST GATE AND DISTRICT BRANCH

A PARTY of members of this branch had an enjoyable trip to Chigwell on Thursday, 14 June. Travelling by the 10.45 train from Liverpool Street, Chigwell was reached at about midday, giving the party—which numbered

about thirty—ample time to inspect the grand old house, known officially as as Ye Olde King's Head, but famous world-wide as the "Maypole," where many of the scenes in *Barnaby Rudge* took place. Luncheon was served in the Chester Room, so-called because of its associations with Dickens's famous book, and in the afternoon various local places of interest were visited—including the old church, where the visitors were allowed to inspect the belfry, and the parish records, which date back to early in the seventeenth century. After tea, which was also laid in the Chester Room, the party, whose numbers were augmented by several fresh arrivals, indulged in songs, dancing, games, etc.—the "etc." including running.

Mr. Thos. Webb, the Hon. Secretary of the branch, was heartily thanked for the admirable way in which he had carried out the day's arrangements, and so contributed to the enjoyment of the entire party.

GRAVESEND, NORTHFLEET, AND DISTRICT BRANCH

UNDER the auspices of the above branch a very successful "Pickwickian Evening" was carried out on 16 June at Cobham. Unfortunately the weather was unsettled; but despite this fact, nearly forty members of the branch assembled at the "Leather Bottle" at about five o'clock, some having proceeded by brake, while others had cycled over from Gravesend and the neighbourhood. The party was joined by Mr. S. Marriott (Hon. Treasurer of the Fellowship), Mrs. Marriott, and other friends from London.

After visiting Cobham church, the colleges, and almshouses, under the secure conductorship of the rector of Cobham, the Rev. A. H. Berger, M.A., the party reassembled at the inn for tea, and later in the evening an hour's entertainment took place in the "Pickwick Room." Mr. H. A. Waldegrave (Hon. Secretary) read an admirable paper, full of humour and full of facts concerning both Cobham and *Pickwick*. Mr. W. Barlow (Vice-President) then gave chapter I from the "immortal work," and it is in no "Pickwickian sense" that we say that the audience was delighted. Variety was introduced by Mr. Howard Burton, who sang "The Ivy Green." A few remarks by Mr. Marriott were followed by a much appreciated rendering of "Bob Sawyer's Party," given by Mr. Waldegrave, after which short speeches by Messrs. W. Teignmouth Shore (of London), W. Barlow, W. Rice, W. E. Thomas, and the Hon Secretary brought the proceedings to a close.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THERE was a very large audience present at the monthly meeting held on 7 May. An exceptionally fine programme was presented, which conclusively proved the marvellous range and wonderful genius and versatility of Dickens. The following were the items: Address by Mr. Du Soir on "Some Aspects of Dickens's Genius"; recital by Miss Windas, "Little Nell's Wanderings"; recital by Rev. E. Rorke, "Little Em'ly's Engagement"; recital by Mr. Windas, "Death of the Chancery Prisoner"; recital by Mr. Smith, "Bunsby's Wedding"; and recital by Mr. Crowther (Secretary), "At Scrooge's Nephew's."

The interest in the meetings is being maintained, and large numbers of visitors and friends attend every month.

TORONTO BRANCH

THE speaker at the March meeting of this branch was Rev. W. H. Hincks, who gave a very able address on "The Religious Sentiments of Dickens," and showed that while Dickens was no dogmatic theologian, his basis of religion rested on the principles of Christianity laid down in the New Testament. Over one hundred members were present. Mr. McCrea gave a reading from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and Mr. Hayden sang. This branch is growing very rapidly, and the Secretary reports a membership of

nearly two hundred, with every prospect of additional members before the close of the season.

The April meeting took place on the 20th, about 125 members being present. Mr. A. M. Denovan, barrister, gave a very interesting address on "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens," and showed the progress of the law since Dickens's time. He contrasted the times most vividly, showing from extracts from the novelist's books the corruption of the Bar in the early eighties. Mr. Bell-Smith gave a reading from *Our Mutual Friend*, and Mr. J. B. Harris from *A Tale of Two Cities*. It was decided that the May meeting should take the form of an entertainment, for the purpose of raising funds for the Fellowship Cot Fund, the Executive to decide upon the details. Certificates were then distributed to the various members, and very favourable comments were passed upon their get-up. As has been reported, the membership has grown very rapidly since the inauguration of this branch last May, and they have every reason to feel gratified at their success. A very marked feature has been the willingness of the various members to take part in the different meetings, and the branch looks forward to an even more successful season next year.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

THE last meeting of the winter session was held in the Y.M.C.A. on 27 April, Professor Stanley J. Will presiding. A very interesting and instructive address was given by the Rev. Charles Stewart, who spoke on "The Novel as an Educator," with special reference to the works of Charles Dickens. An address was also given by Mr. J. T. Haig, barrister, who thought that Dickensians had a splendid chance to follow in the master's footsteps in the aiding of recent arrivals in our country to a start in life. Winnipeg, he said, was the most cosmopolitan city on earth, and nowhere could we find a better situation for such work as would have pleased Charles Dickens.

Miss Sweeney and Mr. Hugh Mowat sang a couple of songs each, and Mrs. King recited. The meeting proved to be the best of the season, and should linger in the minds of those present long enough for them to join us when we recommence next winter session.

In connexion with this branch a Pickwick Club has been formed, with its President, Dr. Charles Woolard; Chairman, W. Stapleton; Secretary-Treasurer, H. M. Porteus. The objects of this Club are: that it shall be the nucleus of a large and successful branch of the Fellowship, shall give the members social intercourse, and require of them contributions of various kinds from *Pickwick Papers*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CRUIKSHANK'S LAST ILLUSTRATION TO DICKENS

DEAR SIR,—In your May number Mr. W. A. Fraser writes that the last illustration contributed by Geo. Cruikshank to the work of Dickens was an etching for the *Pic-Nic Papers*. I have always been under an impression that Cruikshank contributed *one* of the illustrations to *Master Humphrey's Clock*, a rural scene with a small figure of Dolly. I believe Maclise also contributed *one* design to the same work, the remainder, some 150 in number, being entirely contributed by Cattermole and Browne.

Yours faithfully, R. W. D.

STREATHAM, 6 *June*, 1906.

[Maclise furnished one picture to *Master Humphrey's Clock*, but we are not aware that Cruikshank contributed an illustration to the book. We should be glad if our anonymous correspondent would point out to us which is the picture he refers to.—ED.]

WAS DICKENS A PLAGIARIST?

SIR,—In chap. XLI. of the *Pickwick Papers*, Sam Weller, in announcing to his master that he is determined to remain with him in the Fleet, says: "I takes my determination on principle, sir, and you takes yours on the same ground; wich puts me in mind o' the man as killed his-self on principle. Wich o' course you've heerd on, sir." Upon Mr. Pickwick responding that the fame of the gentleman in question has never reached his ears, Sam proceeds to relate one of his remarkable anecdotes. Your readers will remember the story of the gentleman who did everything on principle—how he was taken ill and forbidden by the doctor to eat any more crumpets; how, in response to his inquiry as to how many crumpets at one sitting would "do his business," he was informed that three shillings' worth would do it, and how "Next mornin' he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillins' wurth o' crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out." It will be remembered that he did this "in support of his great principle that crumpets was wholesome, and to show that he wouldn't be put out of his way for nobody."

I do not claim to be the first to make the suggestion which follows; I merely wish to point out to your readers a curious fact in connexion with this anecdote that will probably be new to most of them. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* we find the following recorded as related by Beauclerk in a conversation with the great "Sage of Fleet Street."

"Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion."

In the list of books which Dickens has given us as having constituted his early literary sustenance, this masterpiece of Boswell's is not included, but it seems impossible to avoid the thought that he was indebted to this anecdote of Beauclerk's for the amusing passage in *Pickwick* that I have referred to. It scarcely can have been a mere coincidence. It is an interesting point, I think, and possibly some of your readers may be able to produce more instances of the kind.

Yours, etc.,

OLD FLEET.

LONDON, *June*, 1906.

DICKENS PENCE

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to bring the following before the notice of members and friends of the Dickens Fellowship?

As I have already stated in an article which appeared in the November issue of *The Dickensian*, the work of the Needlework and Charitable Guild of the Fellowship is to seek out the distressed and deserving, to brighten the lives of the aged and sick, and to render aid wherever it can. We have many members who help us by sending supplies of clothing, magazines, etc., and to all of these we are very grateful, but there is something else. We need funds, and unless we receive more support in this direction we shall be compelled to withhold much practical help from those who really need it. Our "Old Folks Tea"—which it delighted us to give—considerably decreased our small means. We do not ask for large sums; if every member who is interested would spare *one penny* each week toward our "Dickens Pence" we should be able to "go on our way rejoicing."

Trusting that this appeal may bear some fruit,

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

EMILIE M. MINIKEN,

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Needlework and Charitable Guild.

WHITCOMB HOUSE, WHITCOMB STREET, W.C.

PROPOSED DICKENS MUSEUM FOR CHATHAM

SIR,—Is it possible to stir up sufficient enthusiasm in order to follow the example of Portsmouth and open a museum in one of the houses occupied by Charles Dickens in Chatham? The one near the station is certainly the better of the two sites.

I am endeavouring to secure for an "open space" the disused Military Burying Ground, near the other house, and I think the name of "Dickens's Children's Playground" would be appropriate.

May I venture to suggest that the London Road from Strood to Gadshill, when the commemoration trees are planted, be called "Dickens's Avenue"?

It is remarkable that in these four towns, where the great novelist found the material for so many of his characters, and where numerous visitors expect to find his memory revered, no place bears his honoured name.

Yours faithfully, MILTON SMALL.

129 HIGH STREET, GILLINGHAM, KENT,
19 *June*, 1906.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

QUESTIONS

TAMAROO.—To what English ballad does Dickens refer in speaking of "Tamaroo" and the hackney-coachman in chap. XXIII. of *Martin Chuzzlewit*? W. M. NASH.

SAM WELLER.—Could any reader of *The Dickensian* give any particulars regarding the origin of Sam Weller? Had he any prototype in real life?

MARY.

CHARNWOOD FOREST MONASTERY AND DICKENS.—Is there any record of Dickens having visited Charnwood Forest Monastery, Leicestershire? An interesting account of a visit is given in *All the Year Round* for 21 May, 1859. Did Dickens write the article? I received an interesting letter from the late F. G. Kitton, where he expressed his doubt about it, although he said Dickens might have written it; but I find it is not included in his *Uncollected Sketches and Essays*, published by George Redway. The late G. Augustus Sala, in answer to a query some years ago in his *Sala's Journal* on the subject, promised to write about it, but unfortunately the Journal *died* after. Forster makes no mention of the visit, although I remember reading in the *Leeds Mercury Supplement* some time ago an article in which the writer states that Dickens did visit the Monastery. I enclose an old guide-book to Charnwood Forest for your acceptance. You will note the extract from *All the Year Round* at pp. 79–82.

CHAS. F. BISHOP.

A PLATED ARTICLE.—In the volume entitled *Reprinted Pieces* in the various editions of Dickens the above "sketch" appears, naturally indicating that it is wholly the work of the novelist. It also appears in W. H. Wills's *Old Leaves*. Who is actually the author? It appeared in *Household Words* originally on 24 April, 1852.

ANSWERS

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS.—There is no edition in print at the present time of this.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

The Old Curiosity Shop, with new illustrations. Collins's Clear Type Pocket Classics, 1s. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Edwin Drood and Dickens's Last Days." By Mrs. Kate Perugini. Illustrated. *Pall Mall Magazine*, June.

"Dickens on the Bible." By David Macrae. *Notes and Queries*, 21 April.

"With the Dickens Fellowship at Bath." *Southport Advertiser*, 15 June.

"Dickens and Bath." *Daily Chronicle*, 11 June.

"Dickens and Bath." *Bath Herald*, 9 June.

"Dickens and Children." By M.M.N.S. Philadelphia: *The Church Standard*, 2 June.

"Dickens in Dublin." By the Rev. Patrick O'Byrne. I. *Dublin Evening Mail*, 9 June. II. *Ibid.* 16 June.

"The Dissection of Drood." Letter from J. Meredith Bird. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 11 June.

"Mrs. Perugini and Edwin Drood." Letter from Andrew Lang. *The Times*, 1 June.

"Charles Dickens and the Little Portland Street Chapel." Letter from Clement E. Pike. *Inquirer*, 9 June.

"Is it Progress?" Leader on Dickens. *South Wales Argus*, 9 June.

"A Girl in Dickens's Characters" (Miss Arabella Allen). Illus., *Cassell's Penny Pictorial Magazine*, June (?).

"A Short Way with an Unbeliever" (Scrooge). By A. Martin Freeman. *Academy*, 16 June.

"With Dickens in Yorkshire." *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*, May, 1906, p. 48.

"Dickens and Do-the-Boys Hall." *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*, June, 1906, p. 78.

"Sidelights in Dickens." *T. P.'s Weekly*, 15 June.

"A Pilgrimage to Bath." *Bristol Times*, 9 June.

"The Purposes of Dickens." By Rowland Grey. III. "A Christmas Carol." *Great Thoughts*, 23 June.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

July 18. Special General Meeting at Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., at 7.30.

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

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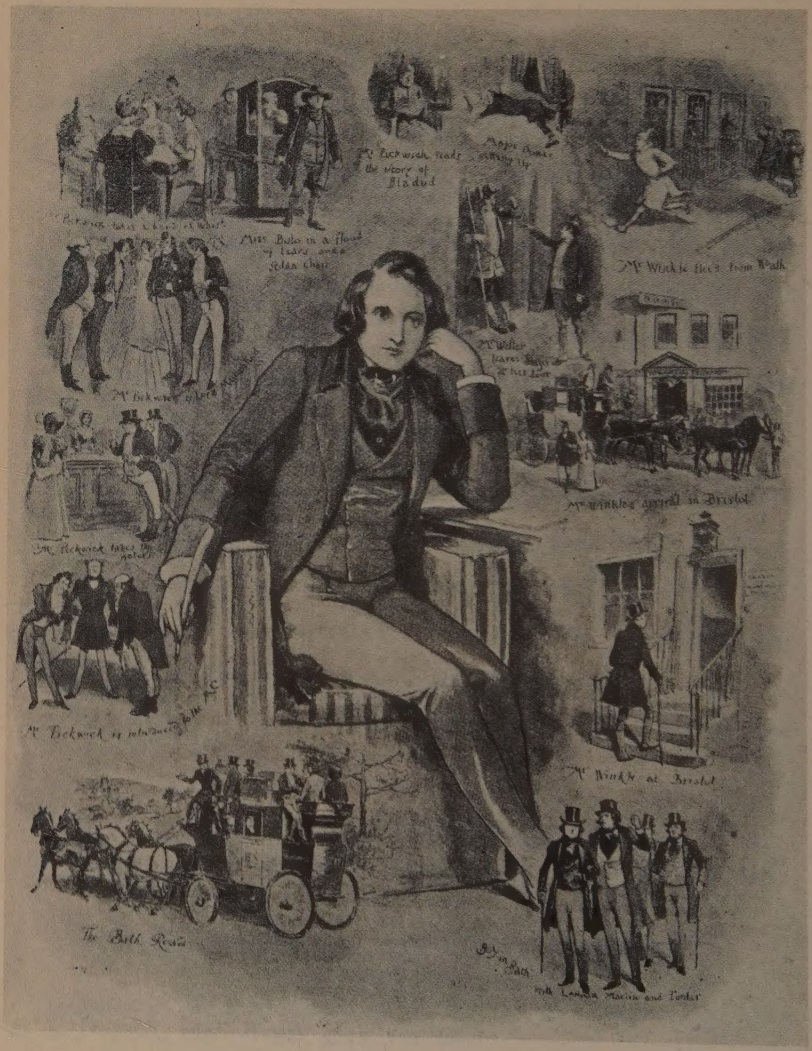

A DICKENS REVERIE

BATH SCENES FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS"

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